Brab. Why, wherefore aske you this?

Iag, Zounds sir you are robd, for shame put on your gowne,
Your heart is burst, you haue lost halfe your soule;
Euen now, very now, an old blacke Ram
Is tupping your white Ewe; arise, arise,
Awake the snorting Citizens with the Bell,
Or else the Diuell will make a Grandsire of you, arise I say.

Brab. What, haue you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reuerend Seignior, doe you know my voyce?

Bra. Not I, what are you?

Rod. My name is *Roderigo.*

Bra. The worse welcome,
I haue charg'd thee, not to haunt about my dores,
In honest plainenesse, thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee, and now in madnes,
Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,
Vpon malicious brauery, dost thou come
To start my quiet?

Rod. Sir, sir, sir.

Bra. But thou must needes be sure
My spirit and my place haue in them power,
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience good sir.

Bra. What, tell'st thou me of robbing? this is *Venice,*
My house is not a graunge.

Rod. Most graue *Brabantio,*
In simple and pure soule I come to you.

Iag. Zouns Sir, you are one of those, that will not serue God, if the Deuill bid you. Because we come to doe you seruice, you thinke we are Ruffians, youle haue your daughter couered with a Barbary horse; youle haue your Nephewes ney to you; youle haue Coursers for Cousens, and Iennits for *Iermans.*

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

Iag. I am one sir, that come to tell you, your daughter, and the Moore, are now making the Beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villaine.

Iag. You are a Senator.

Bra.

Bra. This thou shalt answer, I ka

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing
If she be in her chamber, or your hou
Let loose on me the Iustice of the sta
For this delusion.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, Ho:
Giue me a taper, call vp all my peopl
This accident is not vnlike my dream
Beleefe of it oppresses me already:
Light I say, light.

Iag. Farewell, for I must leaue yo
It seemes not meete, nor wholesome
To be produc'd, as if I stay I shall
Against the Moore, for I doe know
How euer this may gaule him with
Cannot with safety cast him, for hee
With such loud reason, to the Cipre
Which euen now stands in act, that f
Another of his fathome, they haue n
To leade their businesse, in which re
Tho I doe hate him, as I doe hells pa
Yet for necessity of present life,
I must shew out a flag, and signe of l
Which is indeed but signe, that you
Finde him: lead to the Sagittar, the
And there will I be with him. So far

Enter Barbantio *in his night with Torches.*

Bra. It is too true an euill, gone
And what's to come, of my despised
Is nought but bitternesse now *Roder*
Where didst thou see her; O vnhapp
With the Moore saist thou? who
How didst thou know twas she? O
Past thought: what said she to you?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32)